

The Skylark Field

The old 'barn field', is wintering.
Beneath a brightening Bournemouth sky
she wears the season's russet-brown;
each tree stripped bare, and sculptured by

dry winds. Amongst ancient ant hills,
stonechats clack and nuzzle. Now bright,
the sky says, 'Empty'. In the distance
a patch of copper willows blaze

alone on Catherine's Hill, from where
you can see the weather coming
for miles across the open Head.
As the sky changes, colours change.

As these thoughts change, so I am changed.
The light at Hengistbury Head
charges the reeds with gold, coming
and going - here, there, everywhere.

A kingfisher bolts - blue, ablaze;
lapwings rise, bringing the distance
close again, their tails white flags, bright
and flying, still, above the hills.

Pleasure seeker or passerby,
watch with me, visitor. Each brown
buds green; soon Spring must flower, sky
larks sing an end to wintering.

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A poem written to launch the Hengistbury Head Poetry Competition 2015.

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